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EVANGELINE
TM
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HUNT-VILLAGRAN

WHO ARE THESE GUYS, ANYWAY?

It is the 23rd century, and many things have changed... and many things remain the same. Humans have colonized the stars... and they still persecute each other for religious beliefs. Enter **Evangeline**: executioner and saviour. She has a special mission... and friends in *very* high places.

She is an expert at hand-to-hand combat and is proficient with a wide variety of weapons; but she has a special affinity for the old-fashioned bow and arrow.

Her special mission: to protect and avenge victims of religious persecution throughout the galaxy.

And she's already had a lot of experience. She avenged the senseless slaughter of an orphanage full of innocent children and nuns on Mars and dispatched a gang of interstellar highjackers who mistook her for a defenseless countess.

Her friends: the mysterious **Cardinal Szn**, the high-ranking Vatican official who recruited Evangeline; and **Jonny Six**, a professional thief.

Who is Evangeline? She's a nun — a very *dangerous* nun.

LAST ISSUE: Evangeline and **Brian Hager's** helicopter was shot down in what *was* Palestine. Brian was capture by thugs using slave labor to loot the radioactive wastelands. After Evangeline's "negotiations" with gun-toting nomads, they agreed to attack and help free Brian and the slaves. This time Evangeline's mission takes her...

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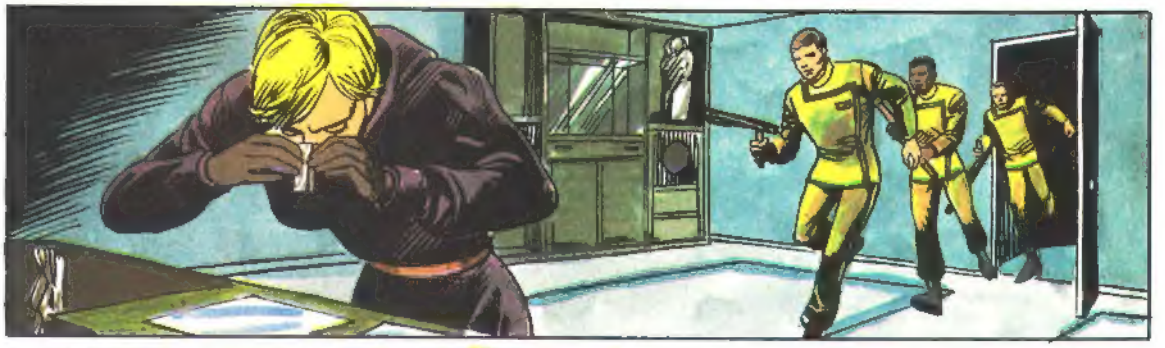
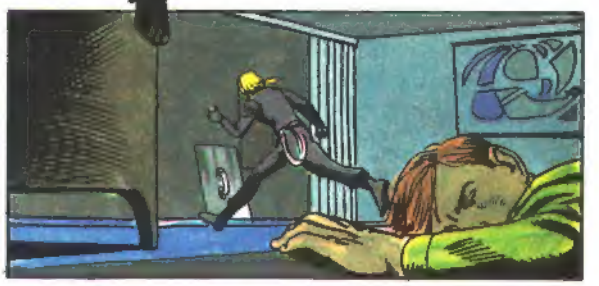
A FIRST COMICS PUBLISHING PRODUCTION

AN AMERICAN CITY. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHICH ONE. THEY'RE ALL THE SAME THESE DAYS.
CREATED BY DIXON & HUNT
The Girl UPSTAIRS
STORY BY: CHARLES DIXON
PENCILS BY: CARA SHERMAN TERENO
INKS BY: RICARDO VILLAGRAN
LETTERS BY: TOM ADDIS
COLORS BY: TOM McCRAW
EDITOR: RICK OLIVER





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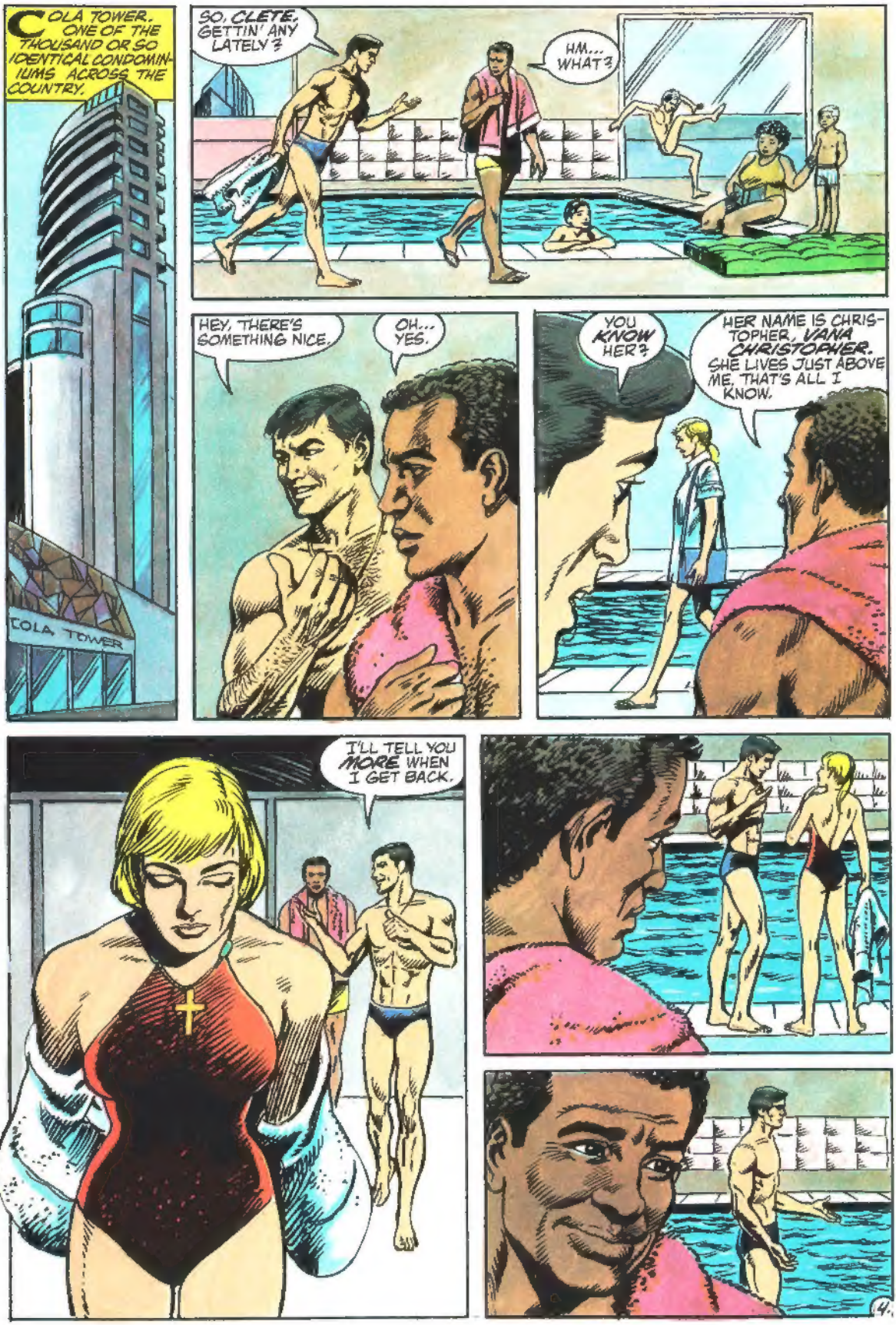
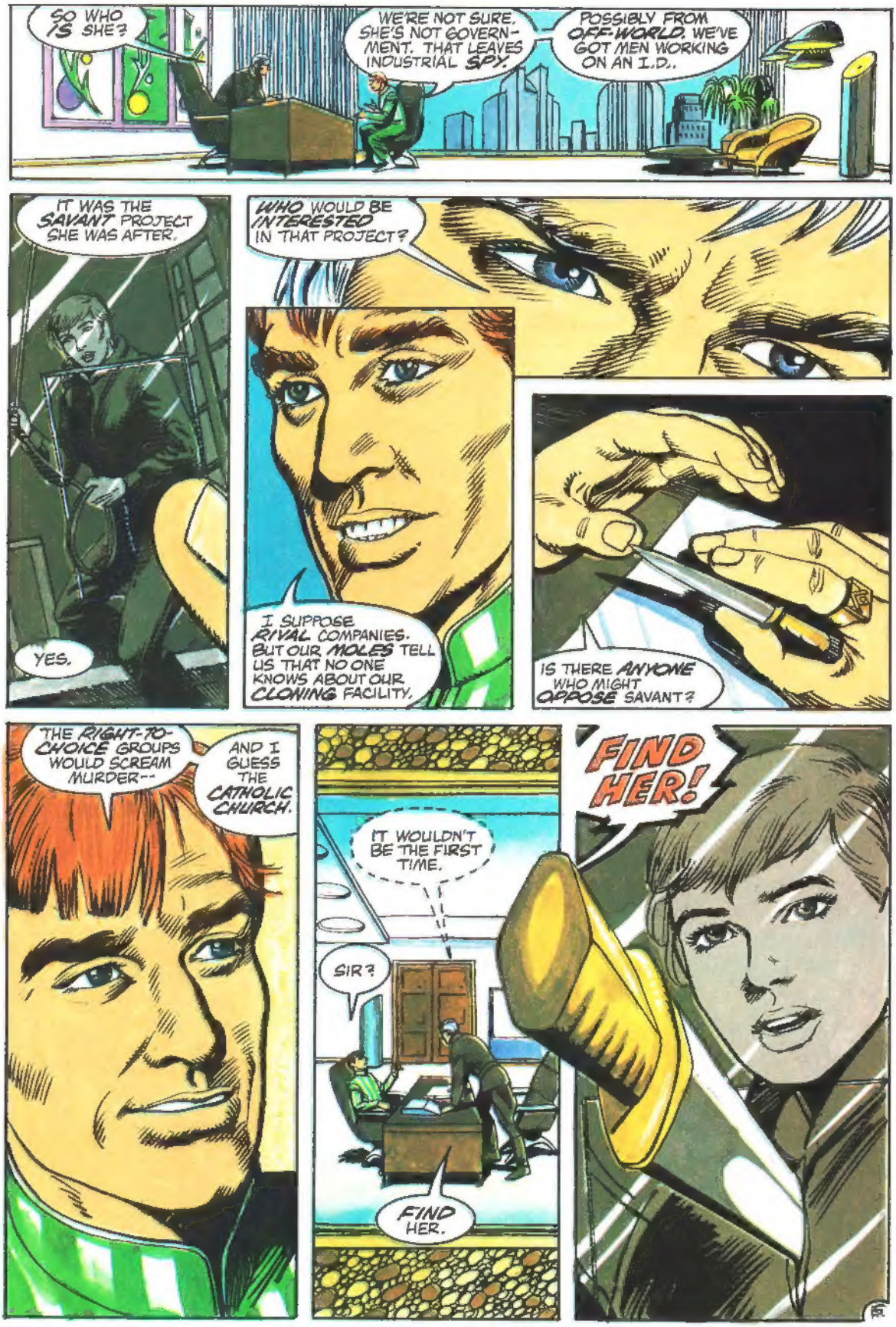

COLA TOWER. ONE OF THE THOUSAND OR SO IDENTICAL CONDOMINIUMS ACROSS THE COUNTRY.
COLA TOWER
SO, CLETE, GETTIN' ANY LATELY?
HM... WHAT?
HEY, THERE'S SOMETHING NICE.
OH... YES.
YOU KNOW HER?
HER NAME IS CHRISTOPHER, VANA CHRISTOPHER. SHE LIVES JUST ABOVE ME, THAT'S ALL I KNOW.
I'LL TELL YOU MORE WHEN I GET BACK.
4

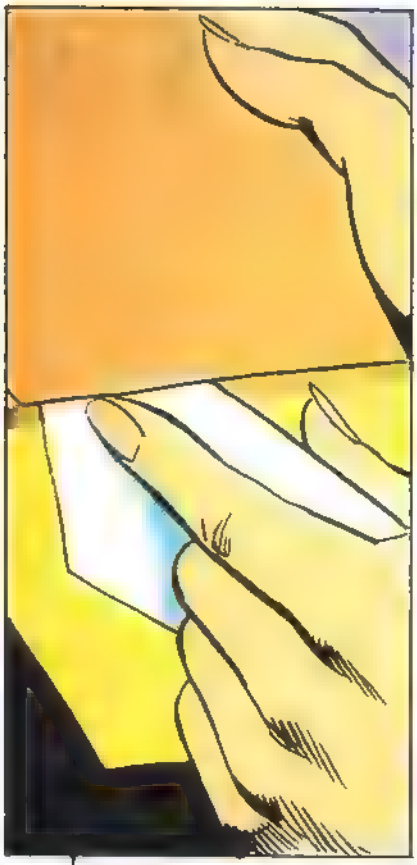

SO WHO IS SHE?
WE'RE NOT SURE. SHE'S NOT GOVERNMENT. THAT LEAVES INDUSTRIAL SPY.
POSSIBLY FROM OFF-WORLD. WE'VE GOT MEN WORKING ON AN I.D..
IT WAS THE SAVANT PROJECT SHE WAS AFTER.
YES.
WHO WOULD BE INTERESTED IN THAT PROJECT?
I SUPPOSE RIVAL COMPANIES. BUT OUR MOLES TELL US THAT NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT OUR CLONING FACILITY.
IS THERE ANYONE WHO MIGHT OPPOSE SAVANT?
THE RIGHT-TO-CHOICE GROUPS WOULD SCREAM MURDER--
AND I GUESS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.
IT WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME.
SIR?
FIND HER.
FIND HER!

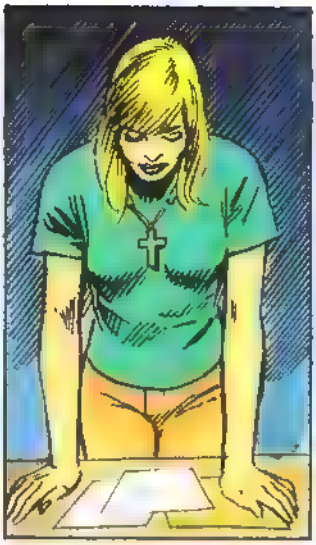
THE VILLA MARKE. A GLASS OF WATER COSTS SIX DOLLARS.
YEAH, THAT'S HER.
WE'LL FOLLOW THE CLOWN SHE'S WITH. BURKE AND MANCUZZI CAN FOLLOW THE GIRL.
WHO THE HELL IS SHE?
I DUNNO--BUT OUR SUPERIORS WANT HER BAD.
THEY'RE MOVING. LET'S GET TO THE CAR.

DAMN! I'D FOLLOW HER TO HELL ON MY HANDS AND KNEES.
WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO?
WE JUST TAIL HER. IF SHE TRIES ANY-THING CUTE, WE OFF HER.
GOOD.
HEY! WHERE'S SHE GOING?
DAMN IT TO HELL!
WHERE IS THE BITCH?

COME ON OUT BABY. WE DON'T BITE.
MUCH.
UP HERE, BOYS.
CRAP!
YOU...
KBLAM!
KBLAM!
TAXI!
ON DUTY
SKYCITY AUTOCAB

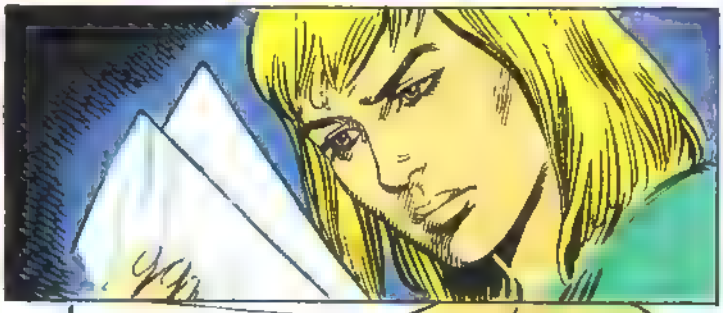
WHO IS SHE, RAYMOND?
I TOLD YOU--I DON'T KNOW.
WHAT DID SHE WANT TO KNOW?
... ABOUT THE CLONING FACILITY. SHE KNEW A LOT ABOUT IT ALREADY.
AND WHAT DID SHE OFFER YOU... HER BODY?
NO NOT THAT... IT WAS... I'M A...
I ALSO KNOW ABOUT YOUR NUMBERED ACCOUNT ON THE MOON.
NO!
A HOMOSEXUAL IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY? I ALREADY KNEW YOUR PATHETIC SECRET, I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT MY EMPLOYEES.
THROW HIM OFF.
NOOOOO!





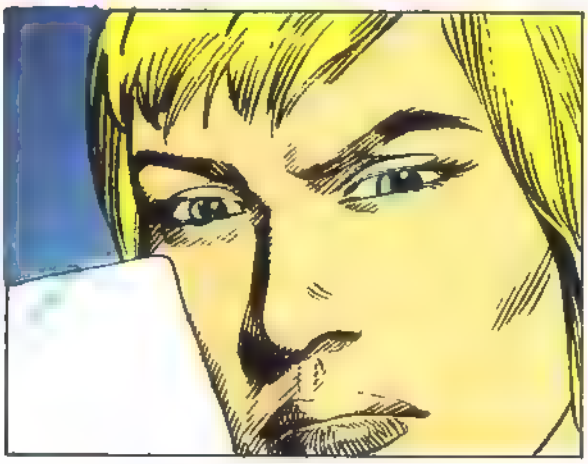
March 8th

The maturation process can now be safely accelerated through ion therapy. We are experiencing no problems with cancerous growths or dwarfism as in previous attempts. The full period of growth can now be accomplished in six weeks at a significant cost saving. At that time the subjects have a mean age of eighteen years.



Profile of Joe X.

Actual Age — Seven (7) weeks.
Physical Maturity Level — Average.
Physical Coordination — Average.
Height — 6'6"
Weight — 210 lbs.
Sexual Impulse Level — Zero (0).
Intelligence Quotient — 58

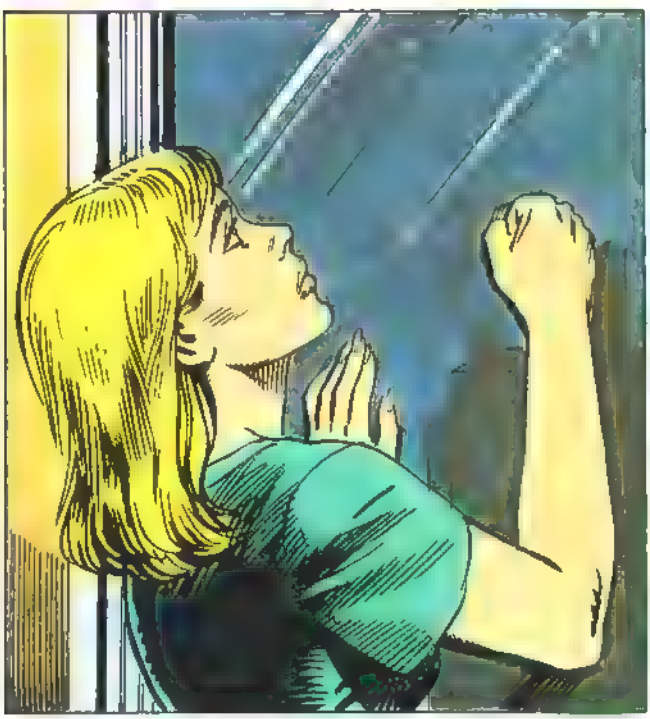


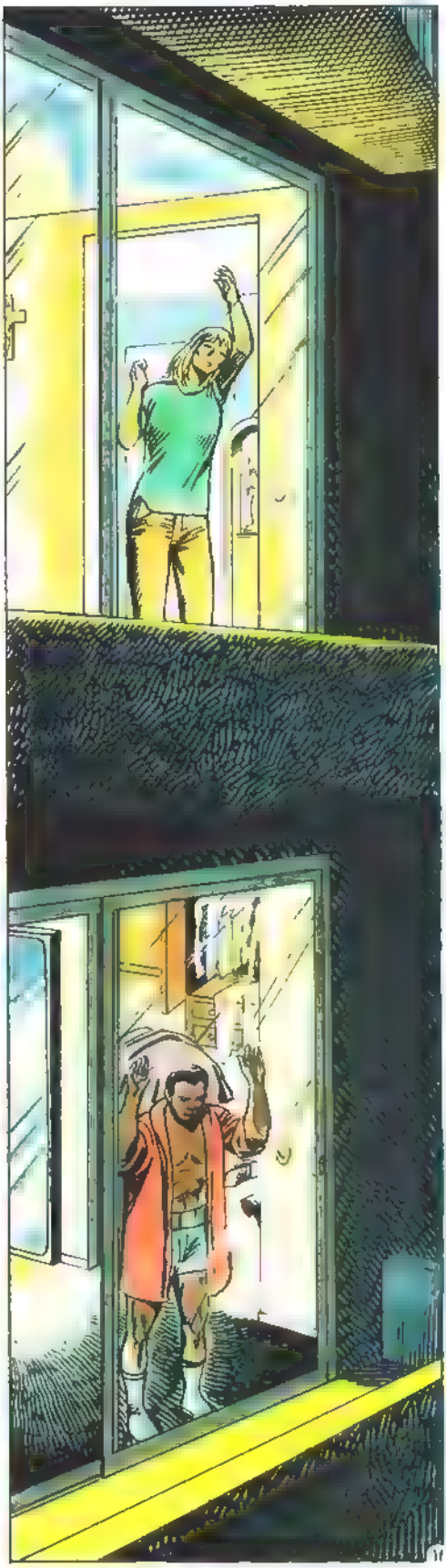
Among the many applications for this project: human stress experiments, laborers in high risk areas, organ repositories, advanced recombinant research.

One of the most lucrative would be the reproduction of low intelligence specimens bred specifically for non-reproductive sexual activity. These could be sold out of system where there is a demand for such.

End report.

UNETC
THE SAVANT
CALLISTO





FIRST NOTES

SUBMITTED FOR APPROVAL

Just the other day, our editorial coordinator, Rich Markow, came into my office and said, "How can we ever hope to find fresh, new talent if we don't look at all these unsolicited submissions and respond to them?"

I pushed aside the pile of papers on my desk, which then fell onto the heap of papers on the floor, which proceeded to slide casually into the Leaning Tower of Paper propped up against the wall and held in place by the power of hypnotic suggestion, which then jolted awake, realizing it was only paper and had no consciousness to speak of and therefore was not the least bit affected by hypnosis, careened wildly from side to side, and then finally succumbed to the force of gravity, burying the aforementioned Mr. Markow in the process.

"I give up," I replied, as he extricated himself from my intricate filing system, "how *do* we find fresh, new talent if we don't look at all these unsolicited submissions?"

"Come on, now — I'm serious!" he exclaimed seriously. "Don't we have an obligation to tell these people if their work is any good or not?"

"Would we be doing them any favors by telling them it isn't?" I asked. "Besides, what makes you think we don't look at them?"

Markow looked up from a stick figure rendered in crayon that would have rivaled the works of Picasso and retorted, "Well, I never hear anything about it."

"Sure you do," I quipped. "You know how we found **Robb Phipps**, the penciller on **Psychoblast**? Unsolicited submission. And **Ron Lim**, the artist we chose to take over **Badger** while **Bill Reinhold** works on the graphic novel? Unsolicited submission. And **Eric Shanower's** series of Oz graphic novels? It all started with an unsolicited submission.

"We try to *look* at every submission that comes in," I continued, "but we simply don't have time to *respond* to all of them. We pick out the ones that look good to us, and then we contact the artists and writers. We may ask for more samples or we may give them an assignment right away."

"But what about all these others?" Markow gesticulated wildly, slipping on a proposal for a superhero team with 113 major characters with special notations indicating which ones have superpowers, which ones are mutants, and which ones have neither superpowers nor mutations. "Shouldn't we at least send them a critique or a polite rejection?"

"Sit down, Rich." I gestured to a chair only partially buried in a "partial list of main characters" from a concept for a continuing series about "a number of individuals who all gain superhuman powers at the same time from a mysterious comet." (Sound familiar?)

"Let me tell you a story. Once upon a time, there was a comic book company that thought it would be a great idea to develop a form for evaluating unsolicited submissions. It had all sorts of useful categories, check boxes, and rating scales. The idea was that the editors and art directors could critique the work and then send it back to the writer and/or artist, who could then use this "constructive criticism" to hone their skills.

"And do you know what happened, Rich?"

"No," he replied cautiously, eyeing what appeared to be an abstract drawing of an eggplant with a mustache.

"There was only one thing wrong with the system: nobody could agree on an evaluation that remotely resembled a consensus, and we spent more time...

"There were only two things wrong with the system, nobody could agree on an evaluation that remotely resembled a consensus, and we spent more time evaluating unsolicited submissions than editing our regular, ongoing books, and some of them were so bizarre...

"Three things were wrong with the system.. well, you get the idea."

"Okay," Rich conceded, "so maybe we can't critique them all. But what about a polite rejection?"

"What's a *polite* rejection?" I queried. "And without explaining *why* it was being rejected, what purpose would it serve?"

"To let them know we aren't interested?" he suggested.

"If we don't contact them, then we're obviously not interested," I countered. "Besides, I already ran a list of guidelines for submissions in one of my columns. I've already explained that we don't have the time or the staff to respond to every submission."

Rich brushed aside an exciting proposal to "co-publish" the exploits of a new "superer" team, and sighed, "Oh, in that case, never mind."

—Rick Oliver

FIRST IN SEPTEMBER

Lone Wolf and Cub #5. The Lone Wolf is challenged by Headless Sakon. By **Kazuo Koike** and **Goseki Kojima**. Cover and introduction by **Frank Miller.**

Badger #31 Badger must slice his way through an army of the world's most vicious kung fu killers. By **Mike Baron** and **Bill Reinhold**

Evangeline #5. Black-market clones become the target of Evangeline's righteous anger. By **Charles Dixon**, **Cara Sherman-Tereno** and **Ricardo Villagran**

Nexus #40 Nexus makes the mistake of getting personally involved with one of his victims. By **Mike Baron**, **Steve Rude** and **John Nyberg.**

Dreadstar #34: Dreadstar winds up running for his life from the pyrotechnic assualt of Malchek! By **Jim Starlin**, **Luke McDonnell** and **Val Mayerik**

Grimjack #42: A former champion discovers that winning means more than just a title when he stakes his own life against impossible odds. By **John Ostrander** and **Tom Mandrake**

Psychoblast #3: Arrabella's insatiable lust for Brian Burke's psychokinetic powers climaxes in a battle to the death with the raw, unrestrained power of Psychoblast! By **Steven Grant**, **Robb Phipps** and **Al Vey**

American Flagg! #48: Reuben finds himself skyjacked — onboard an unscheduled trip to Mars! Part two of a *very* special four part **AF!** saga by **Howard Chaykin**, **Mindy Newell** and **Paul Smith**

Dynamo Joe #15: A giant version of Wolf-1 emerges from the central core of the Mellenares, and the Dreamers make an astounding discovery about the true nature of the enemy. By **Doug Rice**, **Phil Foglio**, and **Brian Thomas**

Chronicles of Corum #7. Mike Baron, **Jackson Guice** and **Kelley Jones** reunite Corum with the forces of Law as the battle mounts against Queen Xiombarg and the hordes of Chaos

Hawkmoon: The Sword of the Dawn #3: Seeking passage on their quest for the Sword of the Dawn, Hawkmoon is enslaved by murderous pirates. By **Roger Salick** and **Raphael Kayanan**

Jon Sable Freelance #55: "The Trojan War" continues as Sable's investigation into arms shipments to the IRA leads him to the mysterious Jacklight. Part two of three by **Mike Grell** and **Tony Salmons.**

I'M TELLING YO. SHE HAD HOOTERS OUT TO HERE!
I HEARD SHE'S HOT FOR SPACERS.
YO! CLETUS!
YOU MIGHT WANT TO HEAR THIS!
UM... WHAT?
WE WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT THE NEW GIRL DOWN IN ENTRY SHE'S GOT IT ALL.
ALL?
PRODUCTION
CLETUS DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT. HE'S IN ANOTHER WORLD.
HE WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH A GIRL IF HE HAD ONE
UH... HEY... I HAVE A GIRLFRIEND!
WILLS 07
SO, WHAT'S HER NAME?
VANA... CHRISTOPHER.
12

HEY!
OH, THAT WAS CLUMSY OF ME.
I'LL SAY, YOU STUPID BITCH. LOOK AT MY OUTFIT!
I WAS ON MY WAY TO LUNCH I'D LIKE TO TREAT YOU IF THAT'S OKAY. IT WOULD MAKE ME FEEL BETTER ABOUT TRIPPING YOU.
I GUESS SO.
GREAT.
YOU'RE A SECRETARY AT UNETCO?
EXECUTIVE ADMINISTRATION ASSISTANT.
OH, RIGHT.
SUDDENLY, I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD.
I'LL HELP YOU TO THE REST ROOM.

I... I... DON'T FEEL...
SSH. QUIET NOW...
YOU'LL FEEL FINE IN A M.NUTE.
YOU'RE NOT REALLY SICK. I PUT SOMETHING IN YOUR DRINK TO MAKE YOU A LITTLE MORE SUGGESTIBLE.
I'M PUTTING SOMETHING IN YOUR HAND. WHEN YOU GET BACK TO WORK YOU ATTACH THIS TO THE UNDERSIDE OF YOUR COMPUTER TERMINAL. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
YESSSSS.
AND WHEN THE DRUG WEARS OFF, YOU'LL FORGET THAT WE EVER MET. UNDERSTAND?
OKAAAAAY

4EVER STORE
4EVER STORE
UM.. ALLOW ME.
YOU DROPPED SOMETHING
UM... THAT'S
LUST
THAT'S NOT MINE.
MY MISTAKE
4EVER STORE

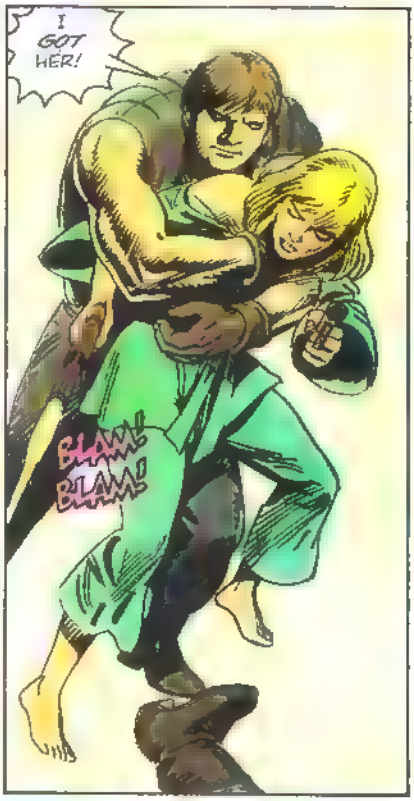
VEGA

SLUTS
SBACK

DAMN! I NEVER CLIMBED SO MANY STAIRS!
STOP BITCHIN'!
THIS IS THE FLOOR EVERYBODY LOADED UP?
YEAH, THE WOMAN WHO DID BURKE AND MANCUZZI
YEAH, SO WHAT? THIS IS A WOMAN WE'RE AFTER, RIGHT?
ALL RIGHT. SKI TURNS ON THE WHAMMER AND WE GO IN. WE TAKE HER OUT FAST.
RIGHT.
GOTCHA
WRUMM
MWW
WWHAM
THAT'S IT! WE'RE IN!
BLAM!
BLAM!
UNNNH!
SHE'S GOT A GUN!

LOOK OUT SHE-- UH!
GLUD!

UK!
WHUD!
BLAM!


I GOT HER!
BLAM! BLAM!

THUD! CRASH! BOOM!
HUH? WHAT'S THAT?

I WONDER IF SHE'S IN TROUBLE.

THUD! BABOOM!
OH MY GOD! IT SOUNDS LIKE A FIGHT!

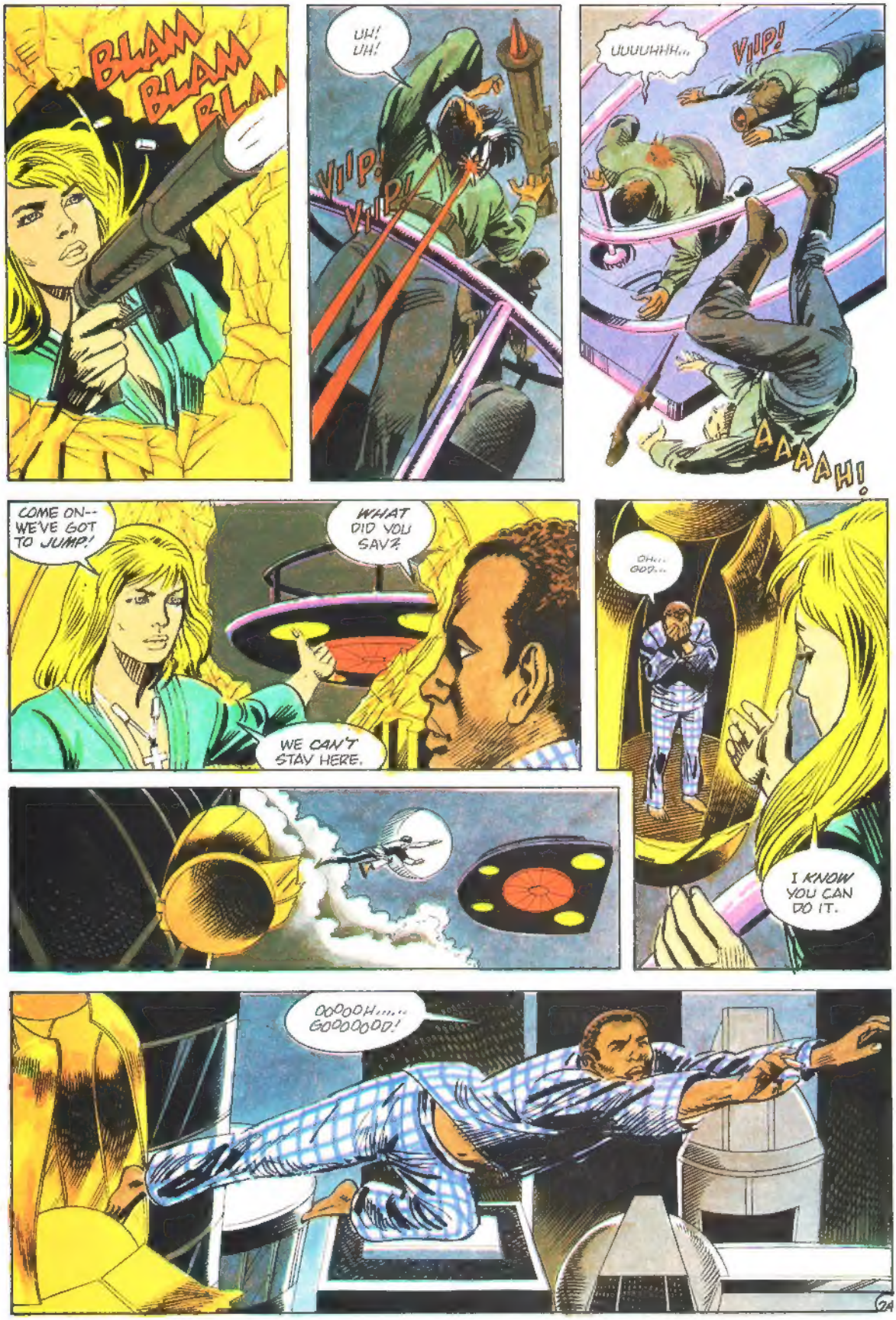
I--I'M COMING!

MUGGERS - OR RAP STS. POOR GIRL-- ALL ALONE- DEFENSELESS.
BLAM!
BLAM!
WHAM!
HUHZ
BLAM!
UNGHK!
CLUD!
GET AWAY FROM..
BLAM! BLAM!
..HER!

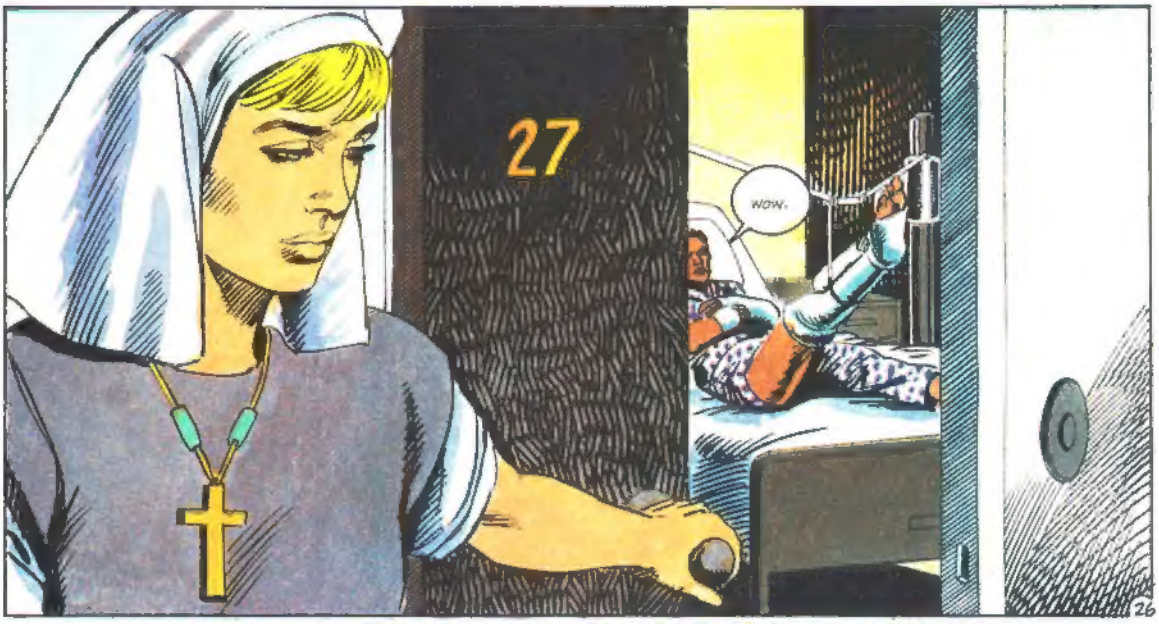
FIRE USE ONLY
CAUTION HALON GAS
BUH-WHOOSH!
AAAAGH!
:KAF!:
:KOF!:
:KOF!:
THANKS FOR THE DIVERSION. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
MY NAME'S CLETUS.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
THE ROOF.
HERE, LOAD YOUR PISTOL AND WATCH THE AMMO. THAT'S ALL WE'VE GOT.
HOW DO YOU-- UN--I--
LOOK, HIT THIS BUTTON AND THE SPENT CLIP EJECTS. PUT THE NEW ONE IN AND DRAW THE HAMMER BACK.
YOU'RE... BEAUTIFUL.
CLIK SNIK
SURE. C'MON, THEY'LL BE AFTER US IN A MINUTE
EXIT TO

THERE'S GOT TO BE A SERVICE ELEVATOR UP HERE WE CAN ONLY HOPE THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT.
WHO ARE THEY? WHO ARE YOU? WHERE'D YOU GET ALL OF THESE GUNS?
IF I TOLD YOU THAT THEY WERE JUST BAD MEN AND THAT I'M TRYING TO STOP THEM FROM DOING SOMETHING MONSTROUSLY EVIL WOULD THAT BE ENOUGH FOR YOU?
YOU BET.
KRASHUP
BLANG!
DOWN!
RUN! I'LL COVER YOU!
BLAM!
BLAM!
VANA! VANA! I FOUND THE SERVICE ELEVATOR!
VIIP!
VIIP!
BLAM!
BLAM!

YOU KNOW MY NAME?
WELL, I'VE NOTICED YOU AROUND - ARE YOU A COP?
SORT OF.
I'M SCARED. I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS. HAVE YOU?
YES, BUT I'M STILL SCARED.
HUH? THEY SHUT OFF THE ELEVATOR.
THEY MUST HAVE A GOOD REASON.
WE GOT 'EM! LIKE FLIES ON A WALL!
STAND BACK!
SMASH!
FLIES ON A WALL!


BLAM BLAM BLA
UH! UH!
VIP! VIP!
UUUUHHH...
VIP!
AAAAH!
COME ON-- WE'VE GOT TO JUMP!
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
WE CAN'T STAY HERE.
OH... GOD...
I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT.
OOOOH.... GOOOOOD!

HOLD ON!
DON'T DROP ME.
I WON'T.
THERE THEY ARE! GUN 'EM!
I'M HIT!
I'VE GOT YOU.
VIP!
VIP!
KA-KLUNT!
OOOOOOH...



NEXT: THE RESURRECTORS!

The CONFESSIONAL

c/o First Comics
435 North LaSalle Chicago IL 60610

Dear Rick,

This is just a brief letter to tell you what a super series Evangeline is.

Charles' economic use of words is a lesson which should be heeded by many comic book writers. He seems to appreciate that art as fine as that by Judith and Ricardo deserves to be enhanced, not obscured, by words.

Tom McCraw and Ed King deserve praise for their respective coloring and lettering work.

I would like to thank whoever is responsible for the simple, but effective, summary of events on the inside front cover. Quite honestly, I am disgusted by the more conventional device of having a character re-cap earlier events. It is one of the most contrived devices in comics.

Evangeline is one of the best comics around... too bad it only comes out every-other month. Keep up the great work!

Nick Barrile Jr.
2945 South Broad Street
Philadelphia, PA 19148-4949

Dear Dixon & Hunt,

Whew! Getting Evangeline to be a full series, in every sense of that term, must have been hard work. Not only did you have to worry about the creative aspect — heck, that was probably the easy part!— but just finding a company that would publish you. And so now you're at First, seemingly the Elephant's Graveyard for comics, and Evangeline is up to three issues. *Sigh* Are you relaxing yet?

Well, the story isn't! But then, who knows how long it's been since Dixon originally wrote the copy for "Romanov Gold." And though the action is packed into "Romanov Gold," I couldn't stop myself from noticing many similarities between it and "Guns of Mars" (Comico Evangeline #1). Another problem was the jump from #2 to #3. Yes, I didn't expect to see Jonny Six in #3, but there wasn't even a word about Evangeline's recovery or returning trip to earth. "Romanov Gold" seemed as if it was a little farther back in Evangeline's past than the Jonny Six episodes. Correct? Or is my memory/eyesight bad?

By the way, I hope we haven't seen the last of Jonny Six. (I noticed a change in his looks. It's so bad — Jan Michael-Vincent in a comic was sort of fun.)

On the Nun/Church thing: I hope to see some sort of intrigue on Cardinal Szn's end, cause we all know that that's the way the Catholic Church is, right? Right? Well, at least some sort of indication that even in Evangeline's world, no one is perfect. (Hmm, am I hinting for a characters flaw?)

"The gold's been salted away."

Glen E. Cox
5301 Buffalo Pass
Austin, TX 78745

Did you really want to see Evangeline lying in bed recuperating?

Except for the origins, we've been staying chronological. And a wee bit of intrigue is in the works.

Dear Editor,

Evangeline is excellent and I have felt no need to comment on it — until now.

It seems the stories in #4 & 5 are similar. Evangeline, while carrying out some mission for the Catholic Church, runs into a tough, stupid, stereotypical, and highly chauvinistic male. I'm confused here. Are you saying that everybody who opposes Evangeline is like that? Whatever point you were trying to make, you did already. So please move on with the story!

I don't want to see Evangeline get caught in a rut. I hope you can see what you're doing wrong and adjust to make a better story.

Noel Tominack
149 E. Jenkins Lane
Indian Head, MD 20640

Given Evangeline's kind of assignments, it's only natural that she's going to run into some block-headed, boorish men. Others will accept her for what she is — namely, very good at her job. We weren't trying to make "a point," but your observations are well taken, and we'll try to keep them in mind.

NEXT ISSUE: Someone is trying to undermine the Church, and being very subtle at it, too. So Evangeline takes a vacation — to a "spa" space station, in "The Resurrectors." By **Chuck Dixon, Cara Tereno** and **Ricardo Villagran.**

— Laurel Fitch